

The most lamentable Tragedie

Aron. Sooner this sword shall plow thy bowels vp,
 Stay murderous villaines, will you kill your brother?
 Now by the burning tapors of the skie,
 That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
 He dies vpon my Semitars sharpe point,
 That touches this my first borne sonne and heire:
 I tell you yonglings, not *Enceladus*,
 With all his threatning band of *Typhons* broode,
 Nor great *Alcidas*, nor the God of warre,
 Shall ceaze this pray out of his fathers hands:
 What, what, yee sanguine shallow harted boies,
 Yee white-limbde walls, ye ale-house painted signes,
 Cole-blacke is better then another hue,
 In that it scornes to beare another hue:
 For all the water in the Ocean,
 Can neuer turne the Swans blacke legs to white,
 Although shee laue them howrely in the flood:
 Tell the Empreffe from me I am of age
 To keepe mine owne, excuse it how she can.

Deme. Wilt thou betray thy noble Mistris thus.

Aron. My mistris is my mistris, this my selfe,
 The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
 This before all the world doe I preferre,
 This mauger all the world will I keepe safe,
 Or some of you shall smoake for it in Rome.

Deme. By this our mother is for euer sharnde.

Chiron. Rome will despise her for this foule escape.

Nurse. The Emperour in his rage will doome her death.

Chiron. I blush to thinke vpon this ignomie.

Aron. Why there's the priuiledge your beautie beares:
 Fie trecherous hue, that will betray with blushing
 The close enacts and counsels of thy hart:
 Heer's a young Lad framde of another leere,
 Looke how the blacke slaue smiles vpon the father,

of Titus Andronicus

As who should say, old Lad I a
 He is your brother Lords, sens
 Of that selfe blood that first ga
 And from your wombe where
 He is infranchized, and come t
 Nay he is your brother by the fi
 Although my seale be stamped

Nurse. *Aron*, what shall I sa

Demetrius. Advise thee *Aron*

And we will all subscribe to thy
 Saue thou the child, so we may

Aron. Then sit we downe an

My sonne and I will haue the w

Keepe there, now talke at pleas

Demetrius. How many wom

Aron. Why so braue Lords, v

I am a Lambe, but if you braue

The chafed Bore, the mountaine

The Ocean swels not so as *Aron*

But say againe, how many saw t

Nurse. *Cornelia* the Midwife

And no one else but the deliuer

Aron. The Empreffe, the M

Two may keepe counsell when

Goe to the Empreffe, tell her th

Weekes, weeke, so cries a Pigge

Deme. What mean'st thou *A*

Aron. O Lord sir, tis a deede

Shall she liue to betray this gilt

A long tongu'd babling Gossip

And now be it knowne to you

Not farre, one *Muliteus* my C

His wife but yesternight was br

His child is like to her, faire as y

As